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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

NEGOTIATING WITH THE COMMUNISTS

SINCE THE OUTBREAK of the cold war, more than a decade ago, the Communists have demonstrated over and over again that no trust can be placed in even their most solemn declarations. They have violated agreements, repudiated treaties, waged a relentless campaign against the West with every weapon at their disposal. The past year has brought new and striking evidence, if any were needed, of this Communist determination to use every opportunity to harass the West, to weaken the alliance of free nations, in effect, to sweep away the obstacles to Communist world domination.

The first major crisis of 1958 was in the Middle East, where the emergency was not created by the Soviets but unquestionably aggravated and exploited by them. Then, just as the danger to world peace in the Middle Eastern conflagration seemed to have subsided, the Chinese Communist government of Peiping opened its attack—of artillery and propaganda—against the Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy and Matsu, and once again the world was thrust into the shadow of war.

The latest Communist move has been the announcement by Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev that the U.S.S.R. would turn over its authority in East Berlin to the government of East Germany, a maneuver designed to force Western recognition of the East German puppet state and to drive the allies out of Berlin. Soviet propaganda accompanying these decisions has included distortions of history and downright lies which are shocking even in the light of Communist past performances.

Under these circumstances, is there any sense in our negotiating with the Russians? With all the instances of bad faith, with all the proofs of Soviet untrustworthiness, with all the evidence of Soviet plans for world domination, by one means or another, can any hope be placed in agreements with them on behalf of peace and disarmament? This is an inevitable question, and it deserves a careful answer. The answer is yes.

NOW PARTICULARLY, when the outlook for peace has darkened once again, when the East-West conferences at Geneva seem hopelessly deadlocked, when the Soviet and Western blocs in the U.N. have reached still another impasse—now particularly, it needs to be said: negotiations for East-West accommodations are neither hopeless nor foolish. They should and must be carried on.

It is sometimes said, and very truly, that the U.S.S.R. is interested in peace only on its own terms, which specify maximum advantage to the Soviets and maximum disadvantage to the Western nations, and this of course the West cannot accede to. And the same thing can be said on every question which divides the West and the Communists. But, while it is true, such an observation should be neither surprising nor dismaying. Those who cite this fact as proof of the futility of negotiation with the Communists have mistaken the nature of diplomacy. Those who say that Soviet promises are "not worth the paper they are written on" are likewise quite right, but what they say is irrelevant to the nature of international arrangements.

Useful agreements with the Communists cannot, obviously, rely on good will, altruism or mutual trust. But there is no reason that they should. Agreements among nations are arrived at through the exploration of alternatives and the discovery of common grounds in the evaluation of the choices. That the Soviet Union will be motivated always by the desire to advance its own interests is quite normal. Our motivation is the same. The task of diplomacy is not to persuade a nation to act contrary

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to its convictions concerning its own best interests —this would indeed be fruitless—but to find those common grounds where the best interests of all parties can be proved to coincide.

The first grim fact of life in our time is the confrontation of two world systems which are fundamentally and irrevocably opposed. And the second fact is The Bombs, which make it possible for the contending powers to precipitate, at a moment's notice, the total destruction of human life. There is terrible danger here, and the clear conflict of interests. But the alternatives to peace are as horrible and as menacing to the Soviets as they are to the West. Realization of this, and not trust or good faith, is what gives us the basis for hope.

NIXON: AT HOME AND ABROAD

RICHARD NIXON'S position as Vice President would lend importance to any major statement or appearance that he chose to make. But his position as front-runner for the Republican nomination, as potential President of the United States, immeasurably enhances such appearances or statements. His recent mission to Britain has, therefore, great political appeal.

That he made a strong, favorable impression on the British seems to be undisputed. Since they had a generally unfavorable preconception it is well to inquire how he induced such a radical change.

Mr. Nixon, it is clear, went out of his way to praise Britain in two major addresses, a press conference and two television appearances. Although the compliments sound fulsome when printed in our papers, they were welcomed in England. He saw most of the important people, including the Socialist leaders, and evidently impressed them as a man who was informed, competent and energetic. He in turn was evidently impressed by the high level of competence and intelligence among civil servants and the leaders of the Conservative and Labor parties. To his own surprise, and the possible dismay of his supporters at home, he found that he and the English Socialists could agree on many matters.

He pleased the political leaders, the television audience and newspapermen. He was not, however, entirely free from the little annoyances that seem to plague him. He had to appear as host to Queen Elizabeth in an ill-fitting tuxedo, and he showed that he still had a flair for unconscious humor. For he was obviously disconcerted when, in response to a question about Nelson Rockefeller's political abilities, he said that Mr. Rockefeller

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would undoubtedly make a good governor—and the newspapermen broke into laughter. But even these incidents he managed to surmount.

Does the image he projected to the British correspond to his recent activities at home? Well, not exactly. The statements he made about the major issues which now face the Western world in many ways opposed, if they did not actually contradict, the advice he telegraphed to Republican leaders before the election. Those naturally partisan but relatively crude instructions were devoid of the statesmanlike demeanor of his British appearances. Mr. Nixon still obviously maintains the ability to adapt himself to the situation.

CORN-GROWERS' REFERENDUM

IT WOULD be an exaggeration to view the corn-producers' vote of November 25 to end their acreage controls as the start of a grass-roots revolt against the whole crop-support system. The general significance of the vote is lessened by several factors. Seven out of every eight bushels produced in commercial corn areas this year came from unrestricted acreages as it was. Much American corn never gets to market, or to storage bins, anyway; it is fed to the farmer's own livestock. And then a number of mechanized big producers figure that it would be more profitable to keep their machines operating full-time and produce more even at a lower support level.

What may be significant is that Secretary Benson views this vote as an opening gun and seeks similar action on wheat and tobacco. Mr. Benson opposes high support levels as they stimulate surpluses and discourage consumption. As this year's surplus program may cost seven billions, he can expect some Congressional support.

KEEPING COOL WITH CAL

EVEN AFTER an interval of several weeks, we are still bemused by the post-election exchange between President Eisenhower and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. During the campaign, it will be remembered, President Eisenhower delivered himself of a series of sharp attacks on "spendthrift" Democrats—a warning, it must be said, which the voters in most states seem to have taken less than seriously. In his first press conference after the Democratic sweep, however, President Eisenhower returned to the same theme; he just could not understand why the voters had favored the "spenders" over Administration-backed candidates. Then Senator Johnson made this fascination with fiscal affairs bipartisan; two weeks after the election he visited the President and later reported to the press that he had assured Mr. Eisenhower the members of the Democratic Eighty-sixth Congress would be "prudent" spenders, contrary to the President's often expressed worries.

For our part, we are certainly not going to come out in favor of a Congress of spendthrifts—or against motherhood, for that matter—but the tone of this exchange seems much too reminiscent of the Coolidge era for comfort. In this area we favor, to borrow Dr. Peale's phrase, much more positive thinking. As a nation, we face great challenges. At home we badly need more schools, better roads, more hospitals, slum clearance and urban renewal. No one would suggest that the problem of paying for them is easy, but surely thinking in terms of a vastly expanded industrial base which will in turn produce more taxes represents a sounder approach to the problem than trying to plan in terms of a static or shrinking economy.

Consider, for instance, the proposal for a domestic Point Four program which would expand and diversify the productive capacity of presently depressed regions. Would not such a program, by multiplying real wealth, produce much in the way of taxes, and would it not therefore represent fiscal prudence, even though it involved government spending? Even on a purely political level, President Eisenhower might note that these areas would hardly have delivered such a heavy Democratic majority if the voters had had more confidence that the Administration's fiscal policies would solve their problems.

Abroad, the difficulties we face grow more complex every day—and potentially more expensive. At stake is the free world's struggle against Communist imperialism. Yet at this writing, to cite just one example, the Administration is going ahead with plans to reduce the armed forces by another seventy thousand men—a reduction no one wants but which is said to be dictated by "fiscal prudence." Although this impending cut in the armed forces was planned a year ago the move was twice postponed, once by the Lebanon crisis and later by the Formosa Straits alarm. Now, unless events in Berlin make Secretary of Defense McElroy countermand his order, the services have been directed to make the scheduled reduction in force, at the same time that the draft rate is being further reduced. And this when it is only reasonable to expect that local

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crises like those in Berlin, the Formosa Straits and Lebanon will increase rather than decrease in the immediate future.

What future generations will make of all this we do not know. For our part, we have just about given up trying to understand it. As we read our history, the Calvin Coolidge approach even to the infinitely smaller problems of his era was hardly impressive. Why President Eisenhower and Senator Johnson think we should take a leaf out of his book today is beyond us.

FIFTH REPUBLIC

EXCEPT IN ALGERIA, things have steadily been going de Gaulle's way, and now his party has had a resounding victory at the polls. The General himself has played his preconceived role well. He has remained dignified and aloof, the man of the hour, above and beyond the hurly-burly of French partisan politics. Meanwhile his Union for the New Republic has been building up as a formidable political group. Its only specified principle is absolute fidelity to General de Gaulle. The U.N.R.'s margin in the current elections has exceeded all predictions.

Curiously enough, it is here that the General finds his first domestic snag. His party has simply been too successful. The balance resulting from an interplay of Right, Left and Center elements of comparable strength, which de Gaulle had hoped to direct in the national interest, is gone. The U.N.R. together with the conservative Independent Republicans will hold over two-thirds of the strictly French seats in the Assembly. And when the deputies elected by Algeria and the other members of the French Union are added, the U.N.R. alone will be within a few votes of an absolute majority. It is paradoxical that an election which spectacularly reduced Communist representation in the French National Assembly from one hundred and forty-nine to ten seats, and Socialist from ninety-one to forty, should thereby pose a great problem to de Gaulle.

A further irony develops from the new French Constitution, widely feared because of its potentialities for dictatorship. The unprecedented strength in the Assembly of the new Gaullist Union party would be cause for greater apprehension but for the extraordinary powers that will be vested in de Gaulle as President of the Fifth Republic. The General will appoint his Cabinet without parliamentary approval and may dissolve the Assembly and call for new elections at will.

The abstaining of nationalist and liberal elements made the U.N.R. sweep—and de Gaulle's problem—even more extreme in Algeria, the key to the French crisis. The General is making his fifth visit there since his accession to power, for the forty-six-member Moslem bloc which he had envisaged in the French Assembly as a vital means of linking Algeria and France will not now materialize. The colonialist "ultras" have won by default, and an Algerian rebel delegation, which includes the "Minister of Arming and Supply," has set out for Peiping. Moreover, very few of the advocates of peace negotiations with the Algerian nationalists were elected as Deputies in France. Whatever limited possibilities still do remain open depend on the General's ability to reach the Moslems and the extent of his influence on his victorious political followers both in Algeria and France.

OPERA ON BROADWAY

AMERICANS continue to reassure themselves that the level of popular culture is constantly rising. The sale of books and records mounts ever higher, museums and art institutes have ever larger attendance, and T.V. brings into the home dramatizations of classics that would otherwise be only names to most of the audience.

There is, certainly, enough merit in this evidence to warrant discussion. But however convincing the argument there are still many reasons why one cannot indulge in unalloyed self-congratulation. In recent years, for instance, "The Diary of a Country Priest" received almost no attention here, although it brought with it many coveted European film awards. And, although Tennessee Williams wins large film audiences, Broadway could not sustain his "Camino Real," a major effort.

To these, and other examples, another can be added. As Howard Taubman pointed out in the N.Y. *Times,* Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Maria Solovin" demonstrates the mixed boldness and timidity of show business, the schizophrenic quality that hastens, if it does not ensure, the early demise of such a work. Menotti is well-known, his works relatively popular, and "Maria Solovin," which was praised by the critics, is not only far superior to much that thrives on Broadway but contains some of Menotti's best music. But "Maria Solovin" opened on Wednesday and closed on Saturday. Fortunately the name of Menotti and the opera's European success will keep it from extinction. But to another work of equal value such a reception could prove fatal.

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Plea for Conversation

After twenty years of responsible collective bargaining, we might reasonably expect a certain measure of understanding and good will

by ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG

SIDNEY HILLMAN of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America made a profound contribution to the philosophy of labor-management relations by recognizing the inter-relationship of the workers' welfare and of the union's welfare to the well-being of the entire industry. In itself this recognition of mutuality of interest was not foreign to the philosophy of the American labor movement, which has fortunately been free of theoretical class-warfare ideology. But Hillman's contribution was to pay more than lip service to the idea: to set up institutional forms and to mold the thinking of his associates and others in the labor movement, and of his and other managements, to this concept of interdependence.

It is more than thirty years since the Hillman approach to mature labor-management relations became established and accepted in the clothing industry. How widespread has its acceptance been in the entire labor-management scene?

Superficially, the portents in this field are good. Labor unions are strong in membership and resources, and they have weathered the recession without fundamental organizational weaknesses. Despite widespread unemployment and under-employment, unions are negotiating new contracts which provide higher wages and improved benefits. Big strikes are few; major setbacks even fewer. Spokesmen for both major political parties, when they are overseas and therefore not campaigning, boast of our free democratic trade unions. Even at home—and even when campaigning—both parties extol free collective bargaining, and only the most neanderthal among them attack the concept of trade unionism. Each year the Bureau of Labor Statistics adds more collective bargaining agreements to its already bulging files. Nonetheless, I suggest that if we probe beneath the surface we will find that we are a long way from universal achievement of the Sidney Hillman type of labor-management relations.

ONE LARGE geographical area—the deep South—has eluded organization by unions in many industries. The Southern textile industry functions in large part on a non-union basis, as it has for many decades. Great sectors of the clothing and garment industries in the South are also non-union. So too are much of the construction industry and broad areas of the service trades in which various unions have jurisdiction. Even in organized industries the South has become increasingly a haven for runaway shops and factories. To say that the state of labor-management relations in the South is by and large unsatisfactory is an understatement.

Or take the problem of the white-collar workers. The technological revolution in America is producing a constantly smaller number of "blue collar" workers in relation to an increasing proportion of technicians and sub-technicians, engineers and sub-engineers, management and administrative people of various kinds. Yet, with few exceptions, unions have not found the technique with which to bring the increasingly large number of this type of industrial personnel into the labor movement. And, with few exceptions, managements have resisted the organization of these workers.

Even more serious than this resistance to the organization of white-collar workers is a hardening of attitudes in areas already organized. This intangible factor is, in my opinion, the most serious problem of all. After some twenty years of responsible collective bargaining in the major industries, we might reasonably expect a certain measure of understanding and good will, of ability to see the problem of the other side, of

Mr. Goldberg is special counsel for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. This article is adapted from the Sidney Hillman address recently delivered by Mr. Goldberg at the University of Wisconsin.

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mutuality of efforts to reach solutions satisfactory to both. Indeed, ten years ago we seemed to be on the road toward achievement of mutual respect and understanding in our major industries; the Wilson-Reuther agreements at General Motors, the Murray-Fairless agreements in steel, and others that could be mentioned, all pointed to an era of maturity in labor-management relations. But in the recent past I see a hardening of attitudes, and retrogression rather than progress in understanding. Management is tougher, unions are tougher, and the results are not good for either side.

Throughout American industry there is a widespread movement away from genuine acceptance of and cooperation with unions. In their place we see a philosophy of labor-management relations that aims at keeping unions at arm's length and seeks, wherever possible, to go around the union to its members. This philosophy treats unions as necessary evils; it does not see them as constructive partners in achieving harmonious and productive labor-management relations.

WHAT REASONS can be given for this polarization of viewpoint? I do not believe that it can fairly be attributed to an overreaching on the part of the American labor movement.

Of course, situations can exist where the comparative bargaining strengths of unions and employers are not in balance. There are situations in which a labor surplus exists, union loyalty is small, and the market is such that the employer can afford to forego production for a period of time; there are also situations where the opposite is true. Economic injury can occur when too great bargaining power exists on either side, although it is one of the essentials of our free economic system that we do not interfere to redress every individual instance of economic disequilibrium so long as there is no general pattern of imbalance.

The real question, however, is whether it can be said that on the whole labor exercises too great economic power vis-à-vis the employers. Here I would unhesitantly say that in the total picture greater strength is still on the side of the employers. The American industrial scene is certainly not one in which poor, downtrodden, profitless business enterprises have every last penny extracted from them by powerful labor unions. Wage and profit statistics do not paint such a picture, either for the economy as a whole or for those industries in which the large unions—usually denounced as "monopolies" by labor critics—exist.

If the hardening of attitudes which I see is not due to economics, then, what is its cause? I am not sure that I know, although I know that something has happened. Perhaps the change in climate is largely a by-product of our political scene. However successful collective bargaining may appear on the surface in organized industries—and I am, of course, questioning even this—politically, legislatively and philosophically labor and management today stand apart, and the degree of polarization of viewpoints in these areas is far greater than in collective bargaining.

If we were to believe the political spokesmen of industry, for example, labor and its allies are determined to socialize America, a claim which everyone should know is plainly nonsense. And, to be entirely fair, I recently read a speech by an outstanding and respected labor leader charging a great American corporation with seeking a Fascist America—a charge which, in my opinion, is equally nonsensical.

In some measure the current hardening of attitudes is certainly due to the philosophy behind the Taft-Hartley Act, which speaks of encouraging both collective bargaining and individual bargaining—a complete contradiction in terms. Then, too, there is the fact that today we have a new generation of leadership in business, and, to a lesser extent, in labor. The generation passing from the scene developed mutual understanding and sometimes even friendship from their wartime experiences in governmental posts such as the War Production Board and the War Labor Board; on both sides those of the present generation are more inclined to be organization men, with all of the parochial characteristics of that breed.

WHATEVER THE CAUSES, the opportunities for conversation, for a sensible and realistic exchange of views between the leaders of labor and the business community, are becoming fewer and fewer. And the stereotype images, indeed the caricatures, are taking the place of reality. When the two sides meet, as they do now more and more infrequently, they meet almost solely at the bargaining table.

The bargaining table, of course, plays an indispensable and essential role in our labor-management scene, but it has never been known as a place where one could think out loud about basic problems: every word counts too much! Thus, in the period of growing estrangement between labor and management, one of our most conspicuous lacks is an area where men of divergent viewpoint can meet and exchange ideas, rather than make debating points, and where they can think realistically about our common future.

Take the question of old age as an example. The collective bargaining table has obvious limitations as a forum for providing an adequate contribution, both by management and labor, to this complex problem. If a union in the course of collective bargaining raises the question of developing a program for retired employees, the discussion is likely to revolve around the narrow point whether, in law, the union has a right, and the company the obligation, to bargain for workers already retired. But, putting the legal question aside, can there by any doubt that both industry and unions

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have an obligation toward employees and members who have devoted long years of their lives to their respective interests? I have the deep feeling, unsupported by evidence, that if we could discuss this problem frankly and mutually, outside the collective bargaining table, joint programs could be evolved which would have a beneficial impact both within and without the framework of collective bargaining.

Save for the collective bargaining conferences, however, there is little joint exchange of opinion. Where, then, do management and labor express their views? The answer is clear: almost everywhere except together!

THE BUSINESS Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce, composed of our leading business men, migrates to Hot Springs, locks itself behind closed doors and unanimously assures itself that labor is ruining the country. The National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce go respectively to New York and Washington for annual conventions, at which a host of the participants are already convinced that the labor movement and liberal politicians are the root of all evil.

The labor movement does essentially the same thing. We talk to ourselves in our conventions and in our Executive Council meetings, we adopt our maximum positions and we hurl these neatly mimeographed resolutions over the fence at the opposition, which picks apart the commas and semicolons and "answers" them.

There have been occasional efforts, of course, to bridge this gap. Back during the war some leaders in the C.I.O. proposed an Industrial Council Plan. Many people in management saw it as a blueprint rather than an idea, and promptly proceeded to tear it to bits. Perhaps to industry the phrase connoted a sort of co-determination. If so, I would say, let us forget the name.

American labor has not the slightest interest in co-determination. While it recognizes the right of our European colleagues to proceed by their own lights, American labor has considered the European experience and has concluded that it infinitely prefers to make its gains through collective bargaining rather than through any joint control of industry. No responsible American labor leader wants to take over "management's prerogatives." American labor completely respects management's rights and regards it to be not only the right, but the responsibility, of industry to manage its plants. Only out of well-managed, profitable enterprise can American labor expect to make the gains in wages, hours and working conditions which it desires.

Even where the term "Industry Council" was not used, however, and hence where there was no chance that the phrase itself produced misunderstanding, recent attempts to reach a rapprochement between labor and management have failed. In 1955, for example, the National Association of Manufacturers invited George Meany to address its convention. When he accepted in all good faith, he was subjected, as he sat on the platform, to a barrage of critical oratory that certainly did not contribute to mutual understanding. Is it surprising that he replied in kind?

THE PROBLEM is that a philosophic chasm separates labor and management in America. Instead of narrowing, this chasm widens every year. It is essential therefore that we search for honorable methods of bridging this gap. As one step in this direction, I would propose a Labor-Management Assembly, modeled after the United Nations Assembly, to serve as an instrument for bringing together the leading figures in American industry and the American trade union movement for periodic examination and discussion of the issues which affect us all and in which we find so little common ground.

I suggest that this Labor-Management Assembly be convened under the auspices of the Government of the United States and that the Secretaries of Commerce and Labor act as co-chairmen. But I immediately add that this need not and should not be a government-dominated organization, any more than the I.L.O., on the international level, is a government-dominated institution, although government participates along with labor and management representatives in its functioning. I view the role of government as providing prestige, of supplying facts, and of bringing together a secretariat for the conduct of the meeting.

To achieve any beneficial results, the Labor-Management Assembly I am suggesting would have to meet at regular intervals with top-level attendance and top-level thinking from both sides. It would have to be attended by the chairmen of the board and the presidents of representative big and small corporations, and by the presidents of trade unions, both accompanied by adequate staffs. I would propose that the present membership of the Business Advisory Council, enlarged by representative small business men, constitute the industry representation. The General Board of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., on which sits at least one representative from each affiliated union, large and small, would constitute labor representation—with the proviso that respectable unaffiliated unions should of course be invited.

I would hope that the Labor-Management Assembly issue no statements unless they were unanimously agreed upon and unless the common denominator achieved was higher than agreement that sin is bad and morality good. If the Labor-Management Assembly is to be successful, it must be a place to discuss and think about important issues in the labor-manage-

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ment area on a broader basis than is possible in collective bargaining—not to fight and bicker over the words of a contract or a resolution. If the discussions are to be profitable, they should be "off the record" except for agreed-upon statements, so that no one need be concerned that his remarks will be cited against him. Indeed, I visualize more and greater benefits from small discussion groups under the auspices of the Labor-Management Assembly than from general plenary sessions.

Finally, I would hope that at the periodic meetings ample opportunities would be provided, as at international assemblies, for social intercourse between individuals in the respective groups—something that has been increasingly lacking since the wartime agencies functioned and the importance of which cannot be overestimated. I believe that our top level labor and management representatives must be brought together for a period of as long as two or three weeks, once or twice a year, under circumstances in which they have no alternative but to talk; and when they are through talking, they should talk some more.

PARTICIPANTS would have plenty to talk about. A good example of a problem we are all concerned about is inflation. If one reads the industrial press, inflation is caused solely by rising wages. If one reads the labor press, inflation is the end-result of super-profits and administered price policies. Is either side right, or are they both wrong? If each is right, why is inflation a world-wide problem—in underdeveloped countries, in countries that are primarily agricultural, in countries that export, in countries that import more than they export, in countries with effective labor movements and in countries with quite passive, or non-existent, labor movements? Whatever the answer, if there is an answer, the problem is rarely discussed by responsible leaders of labor and management sitting together.

And what about automation? How often do the top leaders of labor and management get together to discuss all of the implications of automation, except for the very limited treatment that can be given to this all-important subject by their representatives trying to hammer out a collective bargaining agreement before a strike deadline? Even the whole issue underlying the "right to work" laws has never been adequately discussed except in a political setting. It is ironical that in the recent political campaign, "right to work" laws were supported by many companies whose industrial relations directors would be fearful of the stability of their personnel relations if they did not have a union shop.

What about the problem of corruption in the labor-management field? It is no secret that many businessmen have gloated over Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa and consciously or unconsciously cast them in public speeches as symbols of all labor leaders. On the other side of the fence, many labor leaders are happy about the revelations concerning Nathan Sheffermann and the businesses represented by him, and they label them as characteristic of all businessmen. Yet businessmen and labor men both know better; they deal with each other, and they know that the vast majority of both groups are honest. Should not this be talked about frankly and candidly so that legislation in this most important area can be based upon facts rather than slogans?

The questions could be multiplied. What about our educational system, in which both labor and management have a vital stake? What about national defense? Is it too much to hope that a Labor-Management Assembly, with the help of academicians and public figures, could discuss the implications of John Galbraith's thesis that we have reached the state of "an affluent society" and must seek goals other than steadily increasing production of consumer goods? The list of subjects which could be discussed and which are not now being discussed is endless.

I am, I believe, a realist. I know that creating a forum such as I propose will not solve, and could even aggravate, the problem of reaching mutual understanding. I am aware that at a meeting such as this men will read prepared speeches, setting forth their maximum positions and that the pressure from their own side against concessions may dim the chance of fruitful discussion. But I am similarly aware of what the General Assembly of the United Nations, with even greater problems, has accomplished, as well as what it has not accomplished, in relaxing international tensions.

Without expecting too much, and without even hoping for too much, I believe that a Labor-Management Assembly would be good for labor and management and the American public. For if we make no effort, the alternative is a widening of the chasm, a hardening of attitudes, and eventually the development of a militant class consciousness—the absence of which has been one of the strengths of democratic America.

What is called for is a greater recognition of mutuality of interest. Mind you, mutual respect does not mean artificial unanimity of thought. Within the framework of mutual acceptance and mutual respect, there is wide room for diversity of opinion. But can we not work, labor and management alike, to solve common problems through the development of a program which will promote the nation's economic health, and will advance the growth of both business enterprise and labor? It seems to me that in both management and labor there must be the vision and imagination needed to develop a program based on the premise that what is good for America is good for those who own and manage and for those who belong to our free trade unions.

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Great comedy not only amuses but disturbs, destroying illusions and toppling false gods

Comedy on Television

by JO COPPOLA

EARLY IN Jean Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot," the philosophical ragpicker informs the Countess, or Madwoman, that the world has changed. ". . . Why didn't you tell me this before?" asks the Countess. "Because," the ragpicker replies, "you live in a dream, Countess, and we don't like to disturb you."

On the surface, the ragpicker and the Madwoman may pass as two likely candidates for Bedlam. Like all true comic characters, however, they are sane and the rest of the world is mad, for great comedy not only amuses but disturbs the audience, destroying webs of illusion and toppling false gods.

I am sometimes reminded of the ragpicker when I watch television comedy programs. If the history of television were written right now, it would have to start with Milton Berle—and finish with Milton Berle. In between, of course, a large section would have to be devoted to the period when program planners claimed that comedy was dying—a conclusion reached on the basis of automotive sales and Trendex calls made in fifteen cities.

But, dying, dead, or, as is now said to be the case, supposedly resurrected, the evidence is undeniable that comedians have reaped the greatest share of popularity on television. It was Milton Berle who came to be known as Mr. Television, not Arthur Godfrey. Of course, Berle arrived when there was practically nothing but a signal to be seen on most channels, but he became such a national habit that on the night of his program, storekeepers, tired of looking at empty streets and silent tills, finally locked up and went home to swell the mass audience. Much the same thing happened with "I Love Lucy." The small businessman had just about adjusted to Tuesday or Berle night when the Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball show appeared and Monday night sales skidded. No western hero that I know of has ever so disrupted the national economy.

Let me point out right now that I make a distinction between television comedians and true, creative comedy. Jerry Lewis, for instance, is a comedian but his material is not true comedy; his id keeps showing. Nonetheless, he and the rest of the comedians are popular because the very elements of television are working in their favor. Playwright Sean O'Casey, in a television interview some years back, said something that helps to explain the television comic's popularity: "Take the character of Falstaff. I've often heard critics say about characters in an English play: they were as large-as-life, they were matter-of-fact characters, they were as if you'd brought people out of the street and planted them down in the center of the stage. No sir," he continued, "you couldn't do that. There's no character in the whole history of the drama that's more realistic from their point of view . . . than the character of Falstaff. But Falstaff isn't a matter-of-fact character. You couldn't go out into the street and bring a Falstaff in and put him onto the stage because there's no Falstaff existing out in the street. Falstaff is far larger than life and, of course, Shakespeare knew this."

O'CASEY was talking about the stage, but in the light of his remarks one may well ask: how can television, which reduces every performer to the size of Punch and Judy, create larger-than-life characters? The limited size of the television screen defeats such lavish, sprawling productions as "A Tale of Two Cities" and dilutes the epic quality of a tragedy like King Lear; neither Lear nor Hamlet can appear to be heroic when they are only nine inches tall. But the comedian, whose business it is to exaggerate the weaknesses and absurdities of human behavior, does not have this problem. His kind of exaggeration enables him to triumph in a medium which reduces everyone to smaller-than-life size or to disembodied heads.

In television, physical factors like the size of the screen and the fact that people watch in their own homes are important. They have a great deal to do with the audience reaction to all varieties of T.V. entertainment. These factors were essentials, for example, in the success of Paddy Chayevsky's plays ("Marty"; "Middle of the Night") on television. Chayevsky wrote, if one can generalize, melodrama about the trivial problems of little people. The T.V. screen was not too small for them. His plays were rooted in everyday life and—very importantly—they were seen in the home

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where the audience is surrounded by familiar objects, sounds and disturbances which did not in any serious way clash with what was taking place on the T.V. screen. Chayevsky's characters, to borrow a few words from O'Casey, *were* matter-of-fact, and their dialogue was so realistic that the playwright might have pulled them off the street to plant them in the plays. They were made to order for a medium which cannot stand anything of heroic dimensions.

This question of the place of viewing accounts for many of television's failures, in comedy as in serious drama. A show that will go over well in a dark theater will not necessarily give rise to the same reaction when viewed at home by either one person or a family. The appeal of Jack Paar's show is due to the casual, intimate, home-like atmosphere which permeates the program; the satirical film "Kind Hearts and Coronets," on the other hand, lost all of its bite on television. In a certain sense, comedy faces even more problems on this one score than serious drama. The best comedy is social, while television is "intimate." Tragedy is too big for television, but in a theater it could be played to an audience of one because it reaches into the innermost soul. Comedy is not too big for television, but it has another problem: at its best, it must play to a group, and T.V. does not normally play to groups.

Even so, the big news this season is that comedians are returning to the feast. But can comedy ever really come to life on television? It has in the past, and quite often—a fact that seems nothing short of remarkable in view of the letter sent by one network to a viewer who had lodged a complaint about a comedy sketch. "Please be assured," read the letter, "of our continued efforts to avoid giving offense to any segment of our viewing public." To paraphrase the ragpicker: we don't want to disturb you.

FOLLOWED explicitly, of course, this edict would mean death for true comedy. A comedian, for instance, could satirize war only if he didn't offend nuclear scientists, the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the State Department, certain businessmen and our veterans. True comedy, however, must induce self-laughter, which is nothing but mature criticism. Since we live in an age when criticism is not welcome, is it any wonder then that true comedy, which reflects its age, is dying? In its place we have something that passes for comedy but is not.

Chaplin's tramp, for example, represented real comedy, as opposed to the ersatz beloved by the T.V. packagers—inoffensive, innocuous and bland. The tramp was always kicked black and blue by a heartlessly conventional society but, in the last reel, he kicked his heels and walked off into the sunset—the undefeated common man. Tomorrow, his walk seemed to imply, will be another day and perhaps it will be better. That finale was woven right into the fabric of the whole comedy. Compare Chaplin's tramp with Jimmy Durante on T.V.

Durante had one of the most talked-about exits on television. After bidding everyone, including Mrs. Calabash, goodnight, he walked off, into the dimmer recesses of the stage, pausing only now and then under a theatrical spotlight to wave once more. The exit was as sad as it was effective—but, unlike Chaplin's, it had no relation whatsoever to the over-all structure of the show. The comedy had finished before Durante started to leave, and now it was Durante, not the clown, waving goodbye. We were somewhat like a child who peeks through a keyhole and sees a clown remove his fake nose and put his props in a suitcase. The sight might sink the child's spirit, but this is sheer accident; it has nothing to do with what went before.

Jack Benny's comedy provides another illustration. First we see the urbane Benny, the dear old friend of radio days, in front of a curtain. Later the curtain parts to allow Benny to play the part of a greedy man. But he knows, and we know, that he is only playing a part for our amusement, and this is an essential difference. Other comics are guilty of this same trick. Their personalities dominate the program; they are never totally committed to the comic role they elect to play; and hence they never produce true comedy.

The fatal flaw in most T.V. comedy material shows up strongly in the so-called situation comedies, which flood the networks. With a few exceptions, particularly such earlier shows as the "Honeymooners" and "Mama," these comedies deal with middle income family groups in which the head of the household is usually a white collar worker or a professional. Surveys indicate that the bulk of the T.V. audience is made up of the middle class. Even if the surveys were wrong, the fact remains that sponsors hope to reach, and please, the middle-class purchasing groups. Yet the pretensions of this same class have been the target of comedy ever since it evolved. Hence the problem: the middle class is a natural butt of comedy, but because it constitutes the great mass audience this class cannot be offended. Witness the network letter I quoted previously. The result? Poof—there goes comedy.

IN VIEW of all this, perhaps it is not so strange that the two most original and creative comic talents to emerge from television—Ernie Kovacs and Sid Caesar—found it difficult to keep a toehold in television. They didn't have, it is said, "mass appeal." In contrast to them, one T.V. man pointed out, "Bob Hope has mass appeal. They understand him in Wichita." What is mass appeal? It is easily illustrated.

Bob Hope showed up on the first program marking the return of Milton Berle. "Bing Crosby," said Hope, "is home watching the millionaire."

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"The show?" asked Berle.

"No, the new baby," said Hope. Then he disappeared and left Wichita in Berle's hands; and Berle proceeded to entertain it with glib gags about Brigitte Bardot, Elsa Maxwell and Dean Martin. Here Berle and Hope were doing exactly what so many of our comedians do: they spoof public figures like B.B. and M.M., and the audience always laughs. But the comic comments are always on a superficial level, and they carefully miss the target; the idols remain intact.

The ultimate conclusion of true comedy, as Pirandello pointed out, is pathos, in the Greek sense of "suffering" or "passion." In place of this ingredient, our comedy substitutes sentimentality. Take "This is Alice," a filmed situation comedy which recently showed up on two channels. In the first episode, an old, sickly millionaire discovered the goodness of little Alice's middle-income family and the joy of sleeping on a cot in the garage. ("I never slept so soundly in all my life," said the millionaire—at the instigation of writers who very likely never slept on anything but a fat mattress.) After various in's and out's, the millionaire eventually called a halt to a corporative merger he was planning because it would have upset Alice's parents' economic applecart. Now I could not argue as to whether or not this sort of thing represents "mass appeal," although this is a revolting notion. But one thing I am sure of: whatever else it is, it is not comedy.

UNIQUE VIEWPOINT

Romans and the Pope

by GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

THE PEOPLE of Rome have had long experience with Popes, and that is why their attitude toward the pontiffs of the Church is so unique. Every time a Pope dies and a new Pope is elected, the older people in Rome recall the other Conclaves in their lifetime—and what they have heard about previous occasions from their parents. Usually they are not inclined to discuss the matter with strangers, not even with people from other parts of Italy, for they know that their point of view would not be readily understood.

Theirs is a characteristically realistic approach, without cant or pious sentimentality. Many Catholics from other countries would find it too worldly or cynical, but this is not actually the case. Their attitude stems from a long familiarity with the human side of the leaders of the Church. Sometimes this means that the great spiritual perspectives are pushed into the background, but "the Roman angle" is of importance all the same. It is often misunderstood or overlooked by foreign observers, and even by some other Italians, who have a tendency to indulge either in sentimentality or cheap anti-clericalism. Years ago the Romans would affix witty jibes against the Popes to the ancient statue of Pasquino or loot the quarters of the Cardinal who had been elected Pope "because he did not need his things any more." But these acts signified no rebellion against the authority of the Church; they were rather an expression of quasi-personal familiarity with its representatives.

How did Pius XII appear from "the Roman angle"? First of all, the people of Rome liked him because he was himself a Roman and a member of one of those families which have lived close to the Vatican for generations. Even the Roman Communists were proud of this. The inhabitants of Rome were also impressed by his spirituality and his overwhelming sense of duty. (They recognized humbly that both of these virtues were quite un-Roman.) They liked his tendency to place greater confidence in people he knew well before he became Pope than in the Cardinals.

The three German Jesuits who were close to him and Mother Pasqualina, the famous German nun who took care of his household, were highly respected in Rome throughout his pontificate. The Romans knew that he had confidence in them because he believed Germans to be honest and efficient, and they approved of this. None of these intimates derived any personal profit from their positions, and as soon as Pius XII died they vanished into obscurity.

What the Romans did not like, however, was the confidence the Pope placed in his physician, Professor Galeazzi-Lisi, and the doctor's brother, Count Enrico Galeazzi, the engineer. When the enterprising doctor sold to the press his report, and his pictures, of the last hours of Pius XII, a storm of indignation arose

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in Italy, as well as in other lands. Both men reminded the Romans too much of some of the sorriest periods in the past. Pius XII's poor health from his youth explains his confidence in his physician, as well as his interest in developments in medical science. Galeazzi-Lisi, it seems, knew how to cultivate this interest, and in typically Italian fashion he drew his brother into the Pope's confidence. Did the engineer take advantage of his position? Nothing has been disclosed to prove this, but it is sufficient for the Romans that Enrico Galeazzi, who had been only reasonably well off to begin with, now owns a princely seaside villa in fashionable Monte Circeo, south of Rome.

And the Romans did not like the fact that the number of cardinals who were to elect Pius XII's successor were so reduced in numbers in the latter years of his pontificate. Rarely before in the history of the Church had there been so few, and never before had the Italian Cardinals been so few. No one knows with certainty whether this was a deliberate policy or whether Pius intended to create new Cardinals before he died. But his desire to increase the number of non-Italians in the government of the Church was well known.

THAT WAS the immediate background of the Conclave. The case of Galeazzi-Lisi had an appreciable influence on the sentiments of many non-Italian Catholics, adding to old grievances regarding the administration of the Church. Rightly or wrongly, the Italians were held responsible for a certain lack of efficiency, complacency, exaggerated forbearance with human weakness and a tendency to favor friends and relatives independently of their worth.

The slogan of the non-Italian Catholics could be summed up as the complete internationalization of the Curia—to start with. As everyone knows, the Curia is primarily the administrative body of the Church, governed predominantly by Italian Cardinals. It is sometimes referred to in Rome as "the Pentagon," a nickname originated by the Italian Left but one which has been gaining ground even within the Vatican. The Italians, smooth and diplomatic as always, concede the validity of some of these charges, but they point to the accumulated experience of the Italian Curia Cardinals, affirming that this very Italian smoothness and diplomacy has proved to be a great asset to the Church. Admitting this, the non-Italians feel nevertheless that these qualities alone are not enough, but have to be combined with greater efficiency, less red tape, more "right men in the right places," less venerable traditions, a less theoretic and philosophic approach to living realities such as Protestantism and Communism. The non-Italians feel in general that the Curia Cardinals are too conservative and too much influenced by local and Italian considerations. The *Osservatore Romano,* for example, they find too narrowly Italian, too exclusively Roman for the universality of the Church.

When the Cardinals entered the Conclave, most Romans expected one of two alternatives: a non-Italian Pope, or one of the older Italian Cardinals who would pave the way for big changes. As soon as John XXIII was proclaimed, the first reaction in St. Peter's Square was: Saint John the Baptist! And the next: among the possible Italians, clearly the best!

The next two impressions of the new Pope had to do with his proletarian background and his good relations with the French Cardinals, who are considered to be a progressive counterweight to the conservatism of the Curia. The leftist opposition in Italy, including the Communists, were delighted by the Pope's peasant brothers and sister and the fact that he had welcomed the delegates of a Socialist congress in Venice a couple of years ago. Paradoxically, it was noticed not only that John XXIII is of proletarian origin but so were several of the other leading candidates, while practically all the leaders of the Communist Party in Italy are of bourgeois origin. This highlighted the age-old democratic aspect of the Church and led to respectful comments by the Communists.

Romans living in the shadow of St. Peter's, who so easily lose sight of the great spiritual perspectives of the Church because of their familiarity with its leaders, suddenly were impressed by the strange relationship between the worldly and the spiritual within the Church: the opposition of the two and the fact that nonetheless they were inseparable. The human side and the Pasquino spirit only partly explained what had happened in the Holy City. Whatever else they knew, Romans knew that there was also the Holy Spirit.

THE CONVENT BELL

Before dawn, in night's worst hour, alone,
I awoke and thought of my dead, and wept.
There was none by to comfort me. I wept:
It was night's deadliest hour, I was alone.

Then out of the frozen dark the sound of a bell
From the house of the Poor Clares—a single voice
Lifting heavenward those holy voices of peace
That spoke for us, asking that all be well.

On chilly stones nuns knelt and told their beads
For those who weep, for the newly-buried dead.
The silent town turned over in its bed,
Orion tilted down. And still they prayed
And rang their bell—voice of unsleeping love
Through night's worst hour, when the great griefs move.

LEAH BODINE DRAKE.

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YANKEES GO HOME

SOMETIMES ONE wonders just what would satisfy Paul Blanshard and his P.O.A.U. friends. Right now it almost seems as if they would take satisfaction in seeing Cardinal Spellman and Cardinal McIntyre deprived of American citizenship. Mr. Blanshard argued in a recent issue of the *Christian Century* that by voting in the papal elections these two prelates had broken the law of the land and should suffer the consequences.

I am no lawyer and Paul Blanshard is. Though excellent lawyers, including those in the State Department who handle such matters, disagree with Mr. Blanshard's reading of the Immigration and Nationality act of 1952, I am willing to grant for the sake of argument that he is right in his interpretation of it.

What bothers me is that he and the other guardians of religious liberty who have interested themselves in this case, since they give the law this reading, are not demanding that it be revised. For would not this nation make a mockery of religious liberty if it deprived two of its foremost spiritual leaders of citizenship for having had a hand in choosing the head of their Church? Or are we to take it that Mr. Blanshard, the gentlemen of P.O.A.U. and the editors of the *Christian Century* would feel that a great blow for freedom and justice would be struck if immigration officers were to appear in New York and Los Angeles and present Francis J. Spellman (b. Whitman, Massachusetts, 1889) and James F. McIntyre (b. New York City, 1886) with their walking papers?

With the Cardinals out of the way, perhaps the Act could be read even more severely so that one by one all the Catholic clergy would be found guilty of a similar "crime" and expelled. An even more stringent reading might extend the anathema to every last Roman Catholic in the United States, all of whom profess to accept the spiritual authority of the Pope. What a great day that would be for freedom of religion in America.

All this of course is the stuff of P.O.A.U. pipe-dreams; it is absurd. But it is no more absurd than the possibility that Cardinals Spellman and McIntyre are going to be stripped of citizenship. Neither Mr. Blanshard, the gentlemen of P.O.A.U. nor the editors of the *Christian Century,* that useful weekly, believe for one minute that the two prelates will lose their nationality. Why, then, do they treat the possibility so solemnly? Why do they use it as a threat? Why do they dangle it, like pretty ribbons, before the eyes of their followers? I wish I knew. Maybe a psychiatrist could tell me.

I can tell you what I think though, without a psychiatrist's qualifications. I think some of these people have a "thing" about the Roman Catholic Church and its place in American life. On other subjects they make good sense; they are personally affable, poised, sophisticated men of the world. When it comes to Catholicism, they are impossible. Catholicism is their *bête noire*. This is understandable; it should not therefore be condoned.

I can see, for instance, how the ceremonial aspects of Catholicism might repel them. This is a matter of training and background. Some forms of Protestant worship strike me as dreary and others as undignified, steeped as I am in the liturgical tradition. But the canons of civilization demand that I take a *chacun à son goût* attitude. I deem it barbaric to sneer at a religious experience I have never shared. But it often seems that the mere exposure to Catholic ritual—via television or magazine, as during the recent election—is enough to arouse a fresh outbreak of antagonism to Catholicism in the people who seem to be on a never-ending crusade against "Rome." This is an emotional affliction not easily exorcised. One asks however that it be recognized and that in the interests of urbanity, if not tolerance, recurrent attacks of it be kept decently preserved from public exposure.

As is the case with Catholic ceremonial, the hierarchical structure of Catholicism and its theological system are a constant affront to the anti-Roman "crusaders." But if they are going to accept Catholicism as having a place in American life, they are just going to have to live with these "outrages." For hierarchy, authoritarianism—to use the awful word—and supra-nationalism are of the essence of the Roman Catholic religion. They are not unlovely accretions or dispensable accidentals; they belong to the very substance. One can understand how they can be wholeheartedly and quite sincerely rejected. What is hard to understand is why evidence of their presence in the Church should be such a constant surprise. One marvels at the apparently inexhaustible sustained indignation.

Catholics want to remain Catholics; they also want to remain Americans. They have their own understanding of what it is to be the former; they share the general understanding of what it is to be the latter. Religious liberty should mean the same to all. It should mean an American is quite free to be a Protestant or one of the P.O.A.U.'s Others. But it must mean too that Americans are free to be Catholic. If religious liberty is broad enough to protect only one kind of religion, it needs re-examining. So does any law of the land that would attach a penalty to the exercise of this liberty.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

THE THEATRICAL CHANCE

AT "The World of Suzie Wong," bemused by lustrous silks and squalors, I was caught, as it were, in esthetic dishabille. The shock of the moment was comparable to that recorded by Miss Mary McCarthy when she discovered that she *liked* Mr. Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." For no dissembling was possible: I relished the colors of Mlle. Wong's world, found myself engaged in sympathetic attention by its allure and pressure. And so it was, in the plushy discomfort of the Broadhurst, chewing what Mr. Brooks Atkinson had cruelly called that morning my tear-streaked caramel, that doubt rose luridly to assail me. Was I starting to sell out? Was I, too, only a tired businessman? To the left, my companion, a low type I had brought for verification as well as friendship, idled with a leer over recollections of the Far East; intermittently, he broke into rowdy snatches of "If you knew Suzie. . . ." About us, a murmur of sophisticated disclaim rippled: shades of Belasco . . . hokum . . . the tart with the heart *again?* Fragments of my more rigorous public self floated past some drugged watchdog of the critical mind: where was my actuality? had I mislaid my ambiguity? what, above all, had become of my *ambiance*? It was traumatic.

In the later air, resolute still, I nothing altered, yet savored my own stir of amusement at this ripe New York sophistry by which we live: for if you give us some thick cream of sentiment, in which we may dip and swim luxuriously, with no illusions of nourishment, a hoot of blasé derision goes up; but force on us rather the thin gruel of "reality," lumpish with recrimination and anxiety, and lo! the theater becomes again "a palace of truth." I see no reason, for example, why the tart with the heart must be abandoned; she resumes, after all, a very considerable literary and musical fantasy, and she is certainly more interesting than the perpetual middle-class *guerre* of *mère* and *père*. To be sure, Hong Kong bawdy houses are not, as one says, in my field, but I am enchanted to think that they may be so healthful and bead-strung, musically raucous with old Benny Goodman records, staffed by flocks of avian girls—quite chic—in skirts slit to *there,* and patronized by freshly-laundered salts clearly on the prowl for a glass of Bird's Eye frozen orange juice. I am diverted to fancy all this so. And if I be permitted to call to my support another and more august *naïf,* I will remind you of Henry James, who accounted in this manner for his preference for *Treasure Island* over some Goncourt novel of a child's wounded sensibility: "For myself, the picture of the child's experience has the advantage that I can at successive steps say Yes or No, as it may be, to what the artist puts before me. I have been a child in fact, but I have been on a quest for buried treasure only in supposition." James thought it a simple accident that he should have, for the most part, to say No to M. de Goncourt, but it would be amusing to know how much supposition and how much fact enters into the No which the Broadway intelligentsia is offering to Mlle. Wong.

I mean this, of course, as an irony, not a defense, for it must go without saying that "The World of Suzie Wong" is pitched in a key of pleasantry only, attempts but a sour-sweet game of the sentiments. When it rashly invades some deeper reach of grief and death, it turns into morose fiction, and passages of esthetic discussion—"I have no point of view," the painter-hero shouts at one point, and we are forced to agree, after contemplation of a series of those emaciated nudes which announce the Christmas greetings of relief organizations—these move one to veil the head.

The production, for all that it chronicles the heart's intermissions, moves with energy and rhythm. Mr. Jo Mielziner has devised, as his main setting, one of those Oriental décors, all luxury, riot and youthful impulse, which are less a poetic suggestion than a material delight; its delicate, stylized realism is a masterly statement of the play's chosen terms. To her mechanical provocation, Miss France Nuyen joins an invulnerable remoteness, which lends piquancy to her beauty and precision to her wit; in its comic interludes, Miss Nuyen's performance has shrewdness, various brilliance and authority. Mr. William Shatner is a sensible rather than a romantic player, and perhaps gives a bracing of psychological pride, domination and stubbornness to what might have been merely a motif of ridiculous feeling.

What is singular about the whole event is, of course, Mr. Joshua Logan: he has managed for "The World of Suzie Wong" its solidity and pressure, its meretriciousness and its spell. Of Mr. Logan as a personage in our theater, no question exists; for Mr. Logan as an artist, humble before the implications and great forces of life, it would be difficult to put the case. His eye is exclusively on the theatrical chance, for what may be made to work at the lowest common denominator of appeal. When he must express some more complex texture of experience, his radical insincerity—which is ultimately a lack of depth, not an intention—becomes evident; so does it, as in the film of "South Pacific," when he seeks to inflate with significance emotions which have no more than a spurious reality. He will never arrive at anything like spiritual distinction, and his taste, at its best, can imply no more than an enthusiastic vulgarity.

Still, to the theater mind he must remain an exemplary figure, for he commands what Mr. Stark Young praised in the legendary Belasco as "a kind of genius

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. . . the contagious presentation of the matter to be shown . . . this instinct for persuasion, magnetism, diversities in glamour, whether low or superb. . . ." Mr. Logan has elected that lower diversity of glamour which is sexual audacity, but to its manifestations in this commercial idyll, he has given a rustle of vitality, tawdry lure and agreeable solicitation not to be despised. That all such laborious craft should be employed in the final service of a characteristically American vision of romantic innocence is to add irony as well as diversion to the spectacle. Whatever the validity of this response to "The World of Suzie Wong," Mr. Joshua Logan's production must stand as testimony to the persistent power of the theatrical faculty. *(At the Broadhurst.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD

ALTHOUGH "I Want To Live!" starts out as a sensational thriller about a prostitute whose unsavory career lands her in prison several times, it soon becomes obvious that Producer Walter Wanger has something much different in mind. Much different, indeed! "I Want To Live!" is a propaganda film on the evils of capital punishment. And a very well-made film it is, one that never mounts a soap box to preach but uses good cinema technique to tell a sad and often harrowing story. It is the story of Barbara Graham, the California B-girl who was brought to trial, found guilty of murder and sent to the gas chamber in 1955. Although it does show her performing acts of kindness and decency according to her standards, the film makes clear that Barbara is no prostitute with a heart of gold. Under Robert Wise's excellent direction, Susan Hayward makes the most of the sordid role as Barbara—a flashy woman of the streets, a shill, a liar, a perjurer with contempt for the law, a bitter convict, a death-house inmate hopeful to the last for reprieve.

Sparing no feelings, the last part of the picture shows the details of the death house and the gas chamber, highlighting the condemned person's anguish through the preparations, postponements and finale. Susan Hayward is particularly skillful in not overacting in these scenes, the most moving of which are with the priest who comes to hear Barbara's confession and explain to the desperate woman that none of us is wholly innocent or guilty in the eyes of God.

Using the newspaper articles by reporter Ed Montgomery and Barbara Graham's letters, Nelson Gidding and Don Mankiewicz have written an extraordinarily good screenplay, which never reveals if Barbara was guilty of the murder for which she was condemned but strongly suggests the failure of justice. The well-written, sparse dialogue is accompanied by John Mandel's good, original jazz score which adds a stunning staccato effect to the fast-moving scenes showing Barbara going from bad to worse. Director Robert Wise has handled his large cast expertly. Outstanding among these players, most of whom have small roles, are Simon Oakland as reporter Montgomery, whose stories stressed the sensational aspects of Barbara's past; Wesley Lau as her weak, dope-taking husband; Philip Coolidge as the racketeer with whom Barbara was implicated in the murder; Theodore Bikel as the psychologist who tested her, became interested in her case and found Barbara amoral, anti-social but not a killer. "I Want To Live!" is more than a dramatic diatribe against capital punishment; and Walter Wanger and his entire staff merit commendation for this thought-provoking movie.

THE AUTHORS of the Arabian Nights would be a little surprised at what has been done with their stories in "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad," but they would be interested that some of the fantasy is made quite convincing—especially the scenes with the one-eyed Cyclops,the duelling skeleton and the two-headed roc. These props, in fact, are better than the actors. Kerwin Mathews as Sinbad, pretty Kathryn Grant as his beloved princess, Richard Eyer as the genie, Torin Thatcher as the wicked magician, and many others in the large Bagdadian cast seem to be romping through their roles without much idea of what they're doing. This probably won't bother the kids, since the story is full of gore and excitement; and the derring-do, much of which was handsomely filmed in Spain, is wild enough to keep young audiences absorbed and scared.

THE BROTHERS Grimm would no doubt also be surprised to see how their "Tom Thumb" turned out in cinema. George Pal, who produced and directed the picture, added a few ideas of his own including some delightful puppets that come to life to dance and sing with Tom. The title role is delightfully played by Russ Tamblyn, whose dancing and *joie de vivre* give the picture its main bounce. He is assisted by Bernard Miles and Jessie Matthews as the humble couple who adopt the little fellow; Alan Young as a piper whose romance with the Forest Queen is rather sluggish; Terry Thomas and Peter Sellers as a couple of villains whose skullduggery is expressed mostly in slapstick. As an attraction for adults, "tom thumb" (in the lower case spelling which is insisted upon) is decidedly unimaginative, but children will be charmed by it.

I DOUBT if adults will find the Technicolor version of Jules Verne's "From the Earth to the Moon" worth submitting to for its small rewards. Joseph Cotten plays a scientist who has discovered the source

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of "infinite energy" and when President Grant asks him to stop monkeying around with anything so dangerous, our determined scientist comes up with a new scheme: he will fire a projectile carrying human passengers to the moon! George Sanders as a rival scientist plans to thwart his plans but gets trapped with his own daughter (Debra Paget), Cotten and Cotten's assistant (Don Dubbins) in the projectile on the way to outer space. The gadgets illustrating all this are fascinating, but the cast working the gadgets take themselves much too seriously.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"CATHOLICS AND PEACE"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: I agree with your editorial report on "Catholics and International Peace" [Nov. 14] that the C.A.I.P. Conference was significant, but disagree on your interpretation of the significance.

Six years ago Monsignor George G. Higgins, now executive secretary, admitted that the Catholic Association for International Peace was still weak after twenty-six years. He confessed further that if the entire C.A.I.P. membership traveled to Washington, the average hotel would not find its meeting rooms overtaxed. Monsignor Higgins has no reason to amend this declaration. The C.A.I.P. is still weak after thirty-two years. Why has it had so little impact on American Catholics?

Possibly one reason is because it is an "American" organization. European Catholics cannot be blamed for associating the C.A.I.P. Annual Peace Award to Robert Murphy, U.S. Under Secretary of State, with C.A.I.P. endorsement of the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy. That Mr. Murphy has been a good and intelligent servant in the pursuit of peace is not denied, but it is questionable whether or not he has agreed with his superiors on the one-step-forward, one-step-back policies.

Two years ago, in Paris, a member of Pax Christi asked me what would have been the attitude of the C.A.I.P. if Russia instead of the United States had dropped the bomb over Hiroshima, and if after learning the full extent of the devastation wrought by the bomb, had dropped a second one over Nagasaki. I did not attempt to answer the question, for my inquirer did not solicit the obvious reply.

Possibly the same question was in the mind of the participant at the C.A.I.P. Conference who asked: "Is it possible that American moralists and theologians are motivated unconsciously by their nativity in expounding theological problems connected with modern warfare? Can this be the reason why a theological division of opinion coincides with a geographical division?" Let it be noted that with such exceptions as Father Ford, one of the "realists" at the Conference, the Atlantic Ocean has, by and large, divided theologians on moral grounds as well as geographical.

The trouble with the C.A.I.P. is that while it pursues peace, largely in an academic manner, it is not international. What it needs is closer association with Pax Christi on the European continent and Pax in Great Britain. Regarding the organization of the C.A.I.P. conference, too little time was given for discussion from the floor, too much time given to the several distinguished speakers who could have learned much from audience reactions. The device of designating "discussants" to speak for the audience and limiting the audience to questions is one that should be dropped—as in fact the audience did not need any "aid" interposing between them and the platform. John Cogley's participation, incidentally, was more in tune with the audience.

With these criticisms let me say that we need the C.A.I.P. In fact we need branches of the C.A.I.P. in every city. We need year-round organized discussion groups to formulate action on themes that trouble all who desire peace—and bodily health for their children's children.

JAMES MCCAWLEY.

THAT DREAD WORD, TUBERCULOSIS! . . .

It used to be even more dismal when one was told he had that disease. Nowadays there are remedies. One in particular has been recommended for use in the missions and we are planning to send a million tablets to begin with, to 100 mission stations. You are invited to help. For $20.00 we will undertake to send 10,000 tablets to one of the many missionaries who are pleading for this remedy. Do not delay. The poor sufferers are waiting for relief. Tell your friends and get them also to contribute. Send your gift to Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

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Christianity and Revolution in the Last Century

CHRISTIANITY IN A REVOLUTIONARY AGE. Volume I: The Nineteenth Century in Europe. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Harper. $6.

By HARRY L. BINSSE

KENNETH Scott Latourette, long Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale and distinguished for his contributions to the study of church history, is known for a relatively modest one-volume *History of Christianity* and — especially — for his monumental seven-volume *History of the Expansion of Christianity*. That in his seventieth year he should have undertaken the task of writing a five-volume history of Christianity in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is merely the ultimate indication of his healthy optimism. Let us hope that he may be granted the years and strength to finish this immense task, since there are very few if any other men as well equipped to do it, and since it badly needs doing. For to whatever creed we may subscribe, we must grant that the roots of Christian action in the strenuous years to come will have drawn their sustenance from the atmosphere and soil of the last hundred and fifty years, during which all things traditional have had to survive a violence of revolutionary change unequalled in man's history—survive, that is, or perish.

For the sake of prospective readers it should be indicated precisely what Mr. Latourette has covered in this first volume and how he proposes to divide the remainder of his subject in the four volumes still to be issued. He very properly does not assume that his audience will have any precise notion of the general position of the Christian Churches at the outset of the epoch he has chosen to describe, not even too clear a concept of what may be called the social and political *ensemble* immediately prior to and at the moment of the Vienna settlement after Napoleon's final downfall—the moment (1815) which for him begins the nineteenth century. He therefore devotes almost half of his first volume to elucidating the background without some knowledge of which any comprehension of nineteenth century events is substantially impossible.

In these preliminary chapters he assumes that the reader is reasonably informed of the main events on the political level, less so on the social level, and almost not at all on the religious. With the last, therefore, he begins at the very beginning, the "folly" of Christ and the Cross, and rapidly sketches the growth, in its ups and downs, of this folly to the eve of the great upheaval. To this he adds a much more detailed account of the weakness and strength in Christian life immediately prior to the outbreak of overt revolution, dividing this life —as he does throughout his work —into three sections: "Roman" Catholicism, Protestantism, and the Eastern Churches. He then briefly summarizes the violent revolutionary convulsion, with its epicenter in France, but with its no less important ramifications in other lands and in various domains of human activity, and describes the immediate Christian "response" to this convulsion, again covering the three divisions of Christian life. This brings him to 1815 and the beginning of his main theme.

The nineteenth century proper (1815-1914), though free of general wars and protracted bloody outbreaks, was none the less a century during which revolution "mounts and proliferates." Change continued with an intensity and on a scale hitherto unknown to history, if only because an important part of the revolution itself was the vast expansion and acceleration in the means of communication. And during these years of comparative peace, a reconciliation of Christianity to the continuing revolution (and of the revolution to Christianity) would—or would not—take place. Here the analysis deepens and lengthens, so that in what remains of his first volume, the author can cover only the response of the Catholic Church in Europe up to the first World War. Hence there is no treatment here of American Catholic developments. Volume II will deal with "Non-Roman Catholic Christianity in Europe from 1815 to 1914" and Volume III with the "Rest of the World" during the same period. Volumes IV and V will carry on the story, the former for Europe, the latter for the world outside Europe, during the first half of the twentieth century.

At this point a Catholic reader may be asking himself about Mr. Latourette's credentials for dealing with matters of this kind. As he himself tells us, he is an American, a Protestant, and a Baptist. To this we must add that his approach, as evidenced in his writings, while patently loyal to his own convictions, is deeply irenic. Thus in dealing with Lourdes, he writes, "Most famous of all the appearances were eighteen which were *believed* to have come . . ." (italics mine). I can imagine no more delicate way for a convinced Protestant to handle such a subject; obviously he himself does not believe, for if he did, his Protestantism might well come into question, yet he fully concedes, as something proper and right, the devout belief of others, without in the least questioning their sincerity or their intelligence. Given his generosity of spirit and his anxiety for comprehension, his qualification is perhaps enhanced, when he deals with the Catholic Church, by his being beyond suspicion of partisanship on her behalf.

What are Mr. Latourette's criteria for gauging the health of Christian life at any given historic juncture? He is the first to admit the distinctively Christian importance here of those unknown, unheralded, and unsung heroes whose feast the Church so solemnly celebrated on the first day of November. Of them, by definition,

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we know nothing; even less can we count or assess them. Yet the leaven they supply to the lump produces outward signs. In dealing specifically with the Catholic Church, he is certainly right when he says that the three principal signs are: (1) the establishment of new and the quickening of old religious orders; (2) a high level of devotional life; (3) intense missionary activity.

In general he lays great store, as a further sign, by what one might call theological fecundity. True enough, when men's concern with religion is profound and general, men will be drawn to theological meditation; in a society tending toward indifferentism, whatever the lip-service it may give to the Church, interest in theology will languish. To this extent it is true that the health of religious life may be gauged by the depth of the theological studies to which it gives rise. But here we encounter a generic difference between Catholic and Protestant. Mr. Latourette, a Baptist, obviously attributes high significance to the diversity and originality of Protestant theological thought in the nineteenth century and regrets that he cannot say as much for the "Roman branch." Intense Catholic theological activity naturally yields a different fruit from that of Protestant individualism. What our author seems not to grasp is the new and deep-felt awareness of the meaning of old truth, the new concern for and elaboration of such things as the doctrine of the Mystical Body, in a word the intense realization and poetizing of unchanging doctrine which seem to me to mark the wonderful fresh flowering in Catholic theology that began in the nineteenth century and continued in the twentieth. Instead Mr. Latourette is clearly distressed at the suppression of modernism in the Church. Yet it would be unfair of us to expect otherwise, and it is a very great deal that, judging by the criteria already outlined, he can say: "Although statistical data are unobtainable, it may well be that in 1914 a larger proportion of the population in Latin Europe were closer to an approximation to Christian standards as defined by the Roman Catholic Church than at the crest of medieval devotion." This, after all, is the principal task he has set himself: to ask whether Christianity has emerged stronger or weaker from the ordeals of the last century and a half.

There is one point on which one might wish that Mr. Latourette had more fully expressed his views. He is well aware of what is likely to strike anyone who reflects upon the historical texture of events since the French Revolution as its peculiar mystery: the fact that in large part the inspiration of what was most actively anti-Christian sprang from principles themselves distinctively Christian and not in the least characteristic of any other tradition. Mr. Latourette keeps asking pregnant questions about this phenomenon, wonders whether Our Lord did not Himself prophesy it when He spoke of coming, not to bring peace but a sword. Yet further he will not go.

It is, however, heartening to read this book. One realizes how idle indeed were the numerous announcements of the Church's imminent demise so often made during the decades with which it deals. One realizes, too, how much of outward loss was turned to inward gain. Especially does one appreciate the major importance of the undeniable increase in Papal authority, at which, by the way, Mr. Latourette as a good Protestant by no means looks askance. One's appetite is whetted for his further volumes.

Honorable Failure

VENUS IN SPARTA. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

By ROBERT GUTWILLIG

PEOPLE HAVE been so loudly and so firmly insisting that Louis Auchincloss is an unfairly neglected writer that I suspect he is not neglected at all. Leaving that singularly feckless observation to wither for the moment, I turn to *Venus In Sparta,* which, not incidentally, seems to me Mr. Auchincloss's most ambitious and best book. This is not to say that the novel is successful; it fails, but it fails intelligently and honorably, if these adverbs do not seem too heartless.

The story is familiar enough, and that is part of the trouble. Michael Farish, a well-born New Yorker of forty-five, appears master of his family, his fortune, his fate and himself, but within one year and two hundred and eighty pages Mr. Auchincloss, neatly displaying the bleak chasm between appearance and reality, causes Farish to catapult head-first into the chasm in a conclusion that seemed, to this reader, more arbitrary than inevitable.

The backgrounds of the novel's action—a Wall Street banking house, a New England prep school, a Long Island summer community—are all familiar, too, as are the characters and the author's narrative method. But if the Hudson River Trust Company, the Averhill School, and Bradley Bay are not freshly seen, if there are no surprises, Auchincloss observes very knowledgeably and exactly. He knows what his buildings look like and why, he knows how they are furnished, and he knows who is likely to be inside, what they are wearing and doing. One is not always convinced that he knows what his people are thinking and feeling.

His characters are almost always convincing, as far as they go, but they do not go very far, and they are not exactly inspired creations. This is partly, one suspects, because the society Mr. Auchincloss has chosen to observe and render does not produce inspiring people, but also because the author is not so much concerned with imaginative creations as with interpretation of what he sees and knows. This is all very well, and the various *grande dames,* callow youths, blustering business men and sophisticated wives that people *Venus In Sparta* are nicely presented, although we have seen them all before. Auchincloss has revealed their excesses

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and deficiencies; he knows their attitudes and values.

The difficulty, then, is his central character, Michael Farish—a man without pronounced excesses and deficiencies, a man who simply (or complicatedly) comes to realize that if the manners and the morals of his society ever held any validity for his father or grandfather, they are not valid for him now. Stripped of these values, Farish seems to have no resources at all. This is a good subject for a novel. In fact, it has been the subject of many good novels, but it does not work here because Farish is not a sympathetic enough person. When one encounters his occasional loves and lusts, decisions and indecisions, one is not so much moved as incredulous.

Perhaps Farish would have been a more complete character had Mr. Auchincloss chosen to tell his story chronologically and at greater length, rather than stippling his all-too-brief and all-too-obvious narrative with flashbacks. These flashbacks explicate instead of illuminate, account instead of compel.

Venus In Sparta is in the tradition of Henry James, Edith Wharton, John Marquand and James Gould Cozzens. This is a good tradition; it has produced many fine novels and there will be more. Looking back over what I have written, I see it is mostly a list of complaints. That is unfortunate, for Mr. Auchincloss is one of our better novelists, just on the verge of writing a really successful book. What one wishes from Louis Auchincloss is not something else, but something more.

The Self Searcher

AN END AND A BEGINNING. By James Hanley. Horizon. $3.95.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

THIS NOVEL comes in the wake of a blitzkreig of blurbs about its author by a number of Britain's most noted men of letters. (Henry Green, for instance, acclaimed James Hanley to be superior to Conrad as a writer of the sea.) But if Mr. Hanley has come into his kingdom in his own country he has not thus far awed many on these shores. That this is so reflects an oversight which U.S. publishers, not critics, will have to answer for. If *An End and a Beginning* is, as report states, his latest novel (*The Closed Harbour* and *Levine* appear to be the most esteemed in England), it does nothing to advance his rank.

How apt a yokefellow Conrad may be cannot be ascertained from this novel, which one can at least say is not about "seafaring men." But must a novelist be compared to Dostoyevsky simply because his hero murders a female moneylender? The central datum about Peter Fury is that as a youth he performs such a murder and serves fifteen years for it, being thirty-three, graying and a little stooped when he is let out, which is also the narrative's point of departure. His best years have been paid for a crime that receives identification only halfway on, when it is reenacted in a flashback-within-a-flashback that illuminates little beyond the author's readiness to connive with complexity and mystify mystery.

This is not the novel of psychological attrition, however; it is the novel of futile self-searching wherein the chief figures are so interested in their own story that they become cursed, or blessed, with total recall.

Peter is the son of rock-bottom Irish emigrants who grows up in the industrial environment of the English port of Gelton during Ireland's great transition; his father is away at sea most of the time and his mother is an austere, doleful lady eternally committed to the green land to which she has sworn one day to return. She has also vowed that Peter shall wear the frock, and toward this ideal she is unstinting with the hard-earned wages of his brother Desmond, who has his own, political ambitions, and who soon enough turns his back on the family to dedicate his stony heart to the masses. When he goes out the moneylender comes in.

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We should be surprised if Peter did not fail his vocation, and we are not surprised. Somewhere between yielding up the cloth and leaving Gelton without a moneylender, Peter has an "affair," presumably his first, with Shiela, a beautiful Irish heiress whom Desmond has enticed away from her twenty-three room castle and married. Although it is a most discreet tête-à-tête—it is never *en scène*—it must have had its points for Peter dreams of nothing else through his fifteen-year stretch; and when the bars are behind him and Shiela, who is now over forty, childless and has quit Desmond because he was out every night organizing those bloody unions, writes to Peter to join her at *Rath Na,* her roomy castle, life for him at once has meaning again. But not for long. All too soon he realizes that Shiela only pities him and will never love another than the man she has left.

Most of this is conveyed to us via Peter's and Shiela's overflow of consciousness. Even when the narrative does focus more less on the present, nothing happens with immediacy except in memory, so that present never seems present until it is past.

For all its cloistral corners the work is without core, rather like Peter and Shiela who huddle over the embers of their lives. Never do they get far enough out of themselves really to get inside. They are superbly confused personages who occasionally get so carried away by their "trodden yesterdays" they contradict themselves, repeat certain details *ad nauseam* and scant others; who occasionally wax too literary—"my senses tyrannise me"—for comfort. The past as past does not really happen in a novel unless the point from which it is reprised is more convincingly defined than it is here. It is difficult to believe that people so inert in retrospection could ever have lived.

REVIEWERS

Harry L. Binsse was formerly one of the editors of The Commonweal.

Robert Gutwillig is on the staff of a large New York publishing house.

William Dunlea is a free-lance writer who makes his home in New York.

ART

Arthur Dove: Poet-Painter

IT IS REGRETTABLE that Arthur Dove, whose memorial exhibition is touring the country, has been above all praised as a pioneer and prized for his prophetic vision, for such praise tends to obscure the lyrical authority and the intensely personal style he realized in his painting. Whether or not he was beginning to work out his abstract (or semi-abstract) expressionist idiom at the same time as Kandinsky (circa 1910) the truth is that, unlike the famous Russian, he has been largely without influence, and really presents himself as a single, perhaps small, but marvelously eloquent voice.

In a catalogue for an exhibit in 1916 Dove wrote: "My wish is to enjoy life out loud"; when one sees the retrospective exhibition of Dove's work one is impressed by Dove's achievement as a pioneer and prophet of abstract expressionism, but most of all one is delighted by his success in communicating his vision of enjoyment. His pictures set up a dialogue between the artist and the viewer that is as personal and endearing as the "intuitive" effect of painters such as Rousseau, and his vision of life has the intimate sensibility of a lyric poet's: he is a poet-painter. His great desire was to penetrate to the essential quality of familiar objects and sounds, chiefly in nature, as this quality was expressed in form and color; but he desired equally and simultaneously to convey his strong emotion about them and to share his "enjoyment" with the viewer. His own definition of enjoyment is clarifying: "Enjoyment is easily distinguished from enthusiasm," he wrote. "Enthusiasm is flat and enjoyment is round."

The word "abstract" has been so bandied about and misused that one may get to feel that this word, like the word "liberal," is as slippery as an eel and best avoided altogether. Dove himself was so badgered that at one time he came out and said that his images were not "abstractions" but, rather, "extractions."

In *The Dictionary of Abstract Art* Michel Seuphor, the French critic and authority on abstract art, defines "the abstract work (as) one in which not the slightest suggestion of an image is accepted by the artist." If this definition holds Dove can only be said to have "flirted with abstraction" (as has been said elsewhere of artists such as Klee, Feininger, Marin, etc.). The only thing that perhaps could be added is that it was not so much a flirtation as a real romance and that (as several critics have observed) it is only when Dove is unfaithful to his predilection and lured by a facility to illustrate that he fails to achieve something at once elegant and distinctive.

There are two or three instances of this failure in the present exhibit (for example *The Bessie of New York,* a Disneylike tugboat), but even these pictures are not utterly without charm. It is worth noting in this connection that in his most purely abstract work (always among his best) such as the "Flour Mill," "Hardware Store," and "Rooftops" (a fine painting: block shapes held together by twilight

Itinerary of the Arthur Dove Memorial Exhibition

New York, Whitney Museum, Sept. 30-Nov. 16, 1958.

Washington, D. C., Phillips Gallery, Dec. 1, 1958-Jan. 5, 1959.

Boston, Mass., Museum of Fine Arts, Jan. 25-Feb. 28, 1959.

San Antonio, Texas, McNay Art Institute, Mar. 18-Apr. 18, 1959.

Los Angeles, Cal., U. of California, May 1-June 15, 1959.

La Jolla, Cal., La Jolla Art Center, June 20-July 30, 1959.

San Francisco, Cal., San Francisco Museum, Aug. 15-Sept. 30, 1959.

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colors) Dove likes to relate his "extractions" to a material reality if only by a title.

In *Arthur Dove,* Mr. Frederick S. Wight's informative book written to accompany this exhibit, Duncan Phillips writes of Dove that "the forms in nature were to be his dictionary" and the "symbolical image, to be abstracted from nature or from the most natural objects . . . his language." Dove indeed appears to feel with Romain Gary that the roots of heaven are in nature. His landscapes, seascapes, and pictures variously entitled "Dawn," "Sunrise," "Moon," etc., are all explicit examples of this devotion to nature. Among the finest in this exhibit is "Moon" (1935): a large eye-moon blooms on a tree-stalk leaning out into a suffused space-landscape; it makes one agree with Mr. Wight that "for Dove, color and form symbolized the philosophic intangibles beneath appearances." "Fog Horns" describes the sound of the title in sad violet flowering-out shapes over a milky sea. "Alfie's Delight" is "a crescendo of circular expanding forms" (Mr. Wight) with the tender color and fleshy texture of mushrooms. Whatever the subject, Dove's forms are derived from natural forms in the greater, and most typical, part of his work.

In the Museum of Modern Art's *Masters of Modern Art* Dove is referred to rather succinctly: "In addition to his prophetic achievements as a painter . . . Dove was the most original American master of collage." There are several of these fresh and witty constructions (mostly composed of natural objects) in the memorial exhibit; the most impressive is, perhaps, the Kandinsky-like nervous rhythms of "George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, Part I" (1927).

Mr. Wight's pleasurable and useful book gives a substantial account of Dove's dedicated and difficult life; many interesting excerpts from his letters, notebooks and articles; and almost *too* many accounts of critical opinions of his exhibits through the years. It is nice to learn that "Alfie's Delight" refers to the painter Alfred Maurer, that friend with whom Dove had set out "to simplify impressionism" after leaving his successful illustrating career (as it turned out, forever) for two years' study in France. The illustrations in the book, whether or not in color, serve to remind one of pleasures experienced at the exhibit: that they do not give more satisfaction in themselves is perhaps inevitable. Like wine that is said "not to travel well," Dove's paintings may be said not to reproduce well—only the dregs are left. Almost all this artist's emotion is conveyed in the body and subtleties of his color; his color has an allusive, vibrant, nearly tactile life that charges his forms with meaning and brings to realization the tentative and often simple elements of his various compositions.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

This is the first appearance of a regular column devoted to art—exhibitions, books, news, etc.—which Mrs. Kaufman will contribute to these pages.

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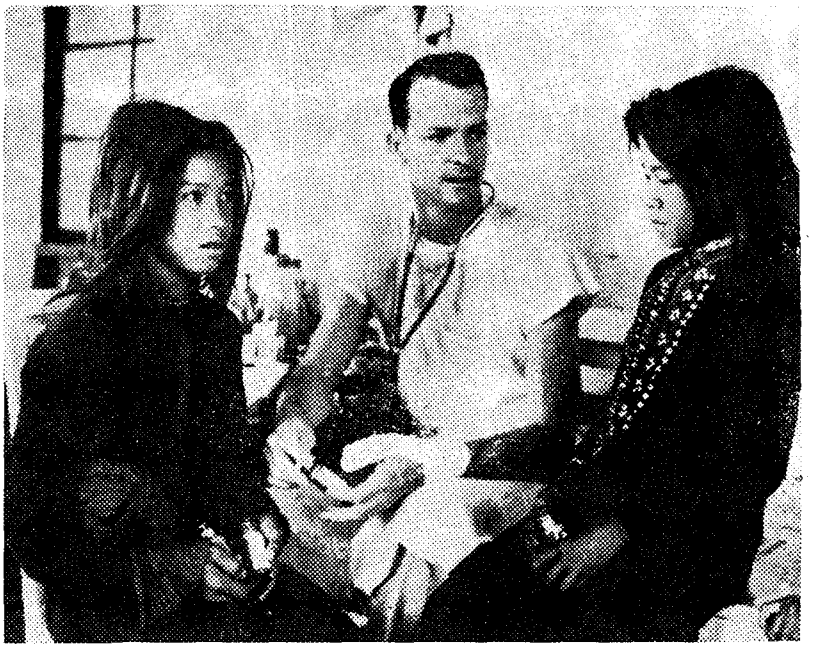

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